

War Drums

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Summary: A Renee poem (okay, so, I like writing these!!!!)

War Drums

~\*~War Drums~\*~

Yet Another Renee Poem

\*I write way too many of these...\*

~\*~

\*~\*

~\*~

\_War-drums beat a rhythm \_

\_ That makes the fiercest warrior a slave \_

\_ To its unfailing tune, its prism \_

\_ Of blood-red colors shining out in waves \_

\*~\*

And the world is shattered and everywhere

The war-drums beat; their tune

Will always, ever-repeating, fill the air

And the rhythm fills the sky and dents the moon

~\*~

\_And they begin to surrender \_

\_ Not to the Yeerks, the enemy, but to the passionate beat \_  
\_ As falling out of its orbit, the world \_  
\_ Succumbs to the war-drum's tune and accepts defeat \_

\*~\*

And seven warriors fight in time  
With the beat of war  
And the drums echo an incessant rhyme  
And the battles are still more

~\*~

\_And after battle's over, as is the beat of the drum, the rush \_  
\_ On the mask see fire, see the passion rise \_  
\_ But underneath the mask, yet untouched, \_  
\_ There burn her still impassive eyes \_

\*~\*

War-drums beat and the rhythm flows on  
As the beat intensifies and becomes so strong  
But the Animorphs will win and the Yeerks will run  
As those impassive eyes burn on and on...

End  
file.